

Don't Stop Me Now by blithesea, womenseemwicked

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Summary:

Getting a lot harder to keep their hands off each other in public. Gym bathrooms don't count as public, though. Right?

Don't Stop Me Now

Author's Note:

Billy POV by ficsandfuckery ([women-seem-wicked](#) on tumblr), Steve POV by blithesea ([bites-heal](#) on tumblr).

Returning to Neil's house after spending 24 glorious hours with Steve and only Steve is absolute torture, even if he swallows Billy and Max's cover story hook, line, and sinker. (Billy makes a mental note to get Max to cover for him more often.)

But whether Billy was gone all that time to be fucked in the ass by Steve Harrington, or to have his dick sucked by Tina Moisey, he left without telling Neil in advance. Which means Neil has some chores for him to do. To remind him of his *responsibilities*.

Billy spends the rest of Saturday and the whole day Sunday doing a load of small chores around the house, followed by bigger ones outdoors as Neil sees the sun shining and decides that spring is on them. Billy forces down the grumble at how clearly not spring it is - this isn't California, where spring comes at the end of February. He'll have to redo all this "spring cleaning" when the snows actually stop. But Billy gets the impression that Neil knows that. Doesn't care.

By Monday, Billy's excitement and his anxieties have been tamped down and muted to the point that he hardly thinks to look for Steve in the school parking lot. It isn't until he sees him sit down in English, that their weekend getaway returns to the forefront of his mind and Billy has to force himself to look away as his chest feels suddenly tight and his gut full of fucking butterflies.

Through that day and the following days, Billy skirts carefully around Steve - trying hard to make it seem like they're still what they once were but unable to fully stop himself from smiling just a little when his boyfriend glances over at him from across a room, or from staring when Steve makes a jump in basketball that has the fabric of his gym shorts pressing up against that tell-tale bulge in his underwear.

By Friday, Billy wants nothing more than to pull Steve aside and tell him about the roach motel he's booked them a night at for this weekend. But Neil's already said he wants Billy home. More yard work, or watching Max, or some shit. Likely he just wants him home to know he's not out *having fun*.

There must have been a time when weekends were actually something to look forward to, Steve marvels on Sunday morning, bored off his ass. Okay, so he can think of a couple of things to do, a few places to hang out, but they're all fucking pointless, because Billy isn't going to be there, and if he were, Steve would have to pretend that he doesn't give a shit. Life is so unfair. He tries calling Nancy, but she's out and about, probably with Jonathan. He tries calling Dustin, but Mrs Henderson doesn't know where he is. *A fucking middle schooler has more of a social life than I do*, Steve thinks morosely. And waits for Monday finally to roll around, so he can at least catch a glimpse of Billy here and there. It takes a whole fucking millenium until it's finally time to go to school.

Only school doesn't make things much better, because there's always *being careful* and *not letting anyone know*. And Billy doesn't fucking call after school. Why doesn't he call? They've talked on the phone before, surely there must be some time during the afternoon his dad isn't home? Steve goes home as quickly as he can after school, hangs around the house all day and night. He *tries* to school himself in not giving a damn, but his heart still leaps into a gallop every time the phone rings.

"Stevie? It's for you."

Steve tramples down the stairs and nearly rips the phone out of his mother's hand. Of course Billy was going to call, how could he have doubted it? "Hey," he says breathlessly, waiting for Billy to laugh at his obvious eagerness, be a total dick about it.

"Hey Steve, what's up?"

And Steve really does like Dustin a lot, honest to god. But in this moment he wishes him to outer space. It only takes him a minute to

ask Dustin if there's anything new on the upside down front, and when that's a negative, he ends the call as soon as possible. What if Billy tries to call and the line is busy?

By Friday, Steve isn't holding out any hopes anymore. They haven't talked, really talked, just the two of them, all week. And once school is out, all Steve has to look forward to is another pointless weekend. Fucking hell. If only there were at least some monsters to kill.

Billy's just about to head into the locker room to change back into his street clothes when Tommy's voice cuts in over the general congratulatory chatter of the team:

"Aw chin-up, Stevie-boy. What happened to that smile? You get dumped again? Who was it this time? Your mother?" He cackles and a couple other boys nearby join in. Billy feels a sharp spike of anger run through him - *nobody talks to Steve like that* - but forces himself to stay put. Steve is smart. Rolls his eyes and goes to walk past Tommy and his new gang into the lockers, but Tommy blocks his way.

"I'm talkin' to you, Harrington," he drawls. "What're you deaf? Or you just too good for me now that you've got a built-in job at your daddy's firm? You're *pathetic*--"

Billy *has* to cut in. Shoves Tommy off Steve, causing him to stumble a little back into the door frame. His cronies are all built like Tommy is or leaner. They don't have a chance against Billy and they know it - know it's not worth it.

"Pick on somebody who gives a shit, Tommy," Billy spits. "Harrington isn't gonna be your friend again, no matter how much you tug at his pigtails. He's just not into you, man."

Tommy's face goes a delightful shade of red and his lips curl in simultaneous disgust and embarrassment, but his friends are already gone - disappeared into the locker rooms - so there's nothing more for him but to follow their lead.

"Fuck you, Hargrove," he throws over his shoulder. And then he's

gone.

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Steve tries to ignore the flutter in his stomach, which has been acting up the moment Billy and he were in the same room, but now is positively trilling. Billy may not have called, but Steve knows they never made any promises, and now that Billy looks at him, really looks at him, it's hard to remember what he had been so depressed about.

"Hey," he says, quickly looks around to make sure they are alone. Once he is satisfied, he moves in a little closer. Not close enough to touch, of course, but close enough that they can talk low and not be overheard. "What are you, my knight in faded denim?" He can't even chew out Billy properly, it doesn't come out chiding at all.

—

Billy can't help but smile a little sheepishly.

"He shouldn't talk to you like that," he grumbles. "You okay, your *highness*?"--

"Me? Sure," Steve shrugs. As far as life-threatening situations go, Tommy is about as intimidating as a tick, maybe a tad more irritating. But Steve doesn't want to waste a minute thinking about *Tommy* of all people.

"Did you get home okay? After?" he asks, briefly thinking of asking about Billy's dad, but deciding against it. If Billy wants to bring that up, he will. "I've missed you," he adds, keeping his voice down low.

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I've been right here, Billy thinks about saying, but instead he glances around them again. They're alone now, but the openness of this place is making him antsy.

"Come on," he sighs, grabbing Steve by the arm and tugging him toward the nearest door, the one for the girls' locker rooms. Only the bathrooms part of it is unlocked, but that'll do for their purposes.

Billy pushes Steve up against the solid weight of the door and takes his mouth in a desperate kiss.

“We have to be careful,” he reminds himself more than Steve as his fingers itch to touch all of Steve under his shirt and those flattering shorts.

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“Yeah, okay,” Steve agrees breathlessly, pulling Billy close again, longing to kiss him some more, finally, *finally*. It’s been fucking *years*. Then Billy presses his bare thigh into Steve’s crotch, and he nearly makes himself dizzy with the effort of suppressing a moan.

“Billy,” he breathes helplessly, trying not to buck into the touch too hard. “Fuck, are you trying to kill me?”

—

“Mm I was gonna ask you the same question,” Billy groans, tilting Steve’s head back with a hand in his hair and leaning in to bask in the smell of him, kissing the sweat from his neck. “You were so hot out there today, Jesus christ.”

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“Fuck,” Steve hisses, both turned on by the feeling of Billy’s hot mouth on his neck and the knowledge that Billy has been watching him.

“I couldn’t even look at you,” he moans, closing his eyes. “Or I’d have jumped your bones right in the middle of the court—”

—

Billy smirks and rolls hips against Steve, their thinly clothed dicks pressing into each other’s hips and thighs.

“Mm that would be a sight. D’you think we’d make front page of the paper?” he grins into Steve’s mouth as his hips stutter and press in again harder. “*Hawkins High Basketball team collectively turned on by unexpected act of sodomy mid-game*. The pictures would be priceless.”

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Steve pulls Billy closer, envious of whoever is going to read that paper, because they are taking Billy's focus away from *him* right now. "Don't make me think of the team watching us fuck," he pleads, grinding his groin into Billy's. "I'm never getting that out of my head again..."

—

Billy presses their lips together and pulls his hips away so he can reach up Steve's shorts with his hand, feel the warm, hard press of Steve's growing erection against his hand. Groans deep in his throat.

"I think it'd be hot," he breathes. "Your cock deserves an audience, baby."

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"Uhhhhn, *fuck*," Steve groans, quickly closing his eyes to concentrate on not coming, not *yet*, he doesn't even have Billy out of his pants yet!

"You'd like that, huh?" he marvels when he regains a tiny bit of control, looks at Billy with genuine wonder in his eyes, touches his cheek with the hand that isn't busy pressing against the bulge in Billy's shorts. "You'd actually do that, you fucking show-off—"

—

Billy groans and pulls Steve's bottom lip into his mouth hungrily.

"Mm you know me, baby," he purrs, loving the shudder he pulls from Steve as he rolls the pad of his thumb over the already dampening fabric that covers the head of Steve's cock. "Fuck, baby, for me? Already? You gonna come, Steve?" he teases and gives the base of Steve's cock a squeeze, kissing him. "Fuck, you're so hot like this."

Billy pulls away to take in the gorgeous image of Steve still pinned against the bathroom door, shorts tented dramatically, cheeks flushed. He drops to his knees and smiles up at him.

"Give me just a minute, baby," he says. "Hold on. I want--" He pushes Steve's shorts down out of the way with his briefs, groaning as his cock springs free, and nuzzles the base of it for a second before he slips it wholly into his mouth. *Yeah, fuck that's good.*

He sucks on it a little as Steve moans and spreads his legs a little to get a firmer stance. But the spreading of his legs gives Billy an idea and he pulls off to suck his pinky into his mouth. Coats it liberally with saliva and glances up at Steve before he reaches back behind his balls to circle his hole.

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"Oh *fuck*," Steve yelps, bucking into the willing heat of Billy's mouth, not exactly away from what Billy is doing to his ass, just a tiny bit startled by it. And actually a whole lot startled by how much he likes it, how it feels odd, forbidden, *hot*. Billy doesn't do much at first, but when he innocently looks up at Steve and slips in the tip of his finger just a fraction, Steve has to clench his fists tightly not come right away. "Billy," he moans, "not fair..." and if he secretly wishes Billy would do it again, well...

—

"Really?" Billy asks, smirking, as he twists his finger just a little further in. "Cause I'd say it's *exactly* fair." Steve's hips stutter and his ass tightens around Billy's finger before consciously loosening just a bit. "Come for me, baby," Billy hums, and he returns his mouth to Steve's pretty, straining cock, timing the little teasing movements of his finger to the bobbing of his head. *Come in me.*

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Everything is going much too fast, but Steve can't resist for much longer, not when Billy knows just exactly how to play him, how to tease with his finger, just on the edge between too much and not enough. The next time Billy goes completely down on him, Steve comes like a truck has hit him, jerking and bucking under Billy's touch.

—

Billy slips the finger out of Steve's ass and holds him still as he sucks every drop of him down, groaning around his boyfriend's cock as it empties onto his tongue with one last desperate jerk.

He slides his hands up Steve's sides before he stands, supporting him up against the door as he returns to Steve's lips with a warm, wet kiss, his own erection making it hard to stand right.

"Mm look how hard you make me, baby," he groans, pressing hard up against Steve, grinding against his bare thigh hungrily. "So fucking hot when you come."

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"Mmh, fuck," Steve sighs, feeling boneless and so soft he doesn't even mind the taste of his own come on Billy's tongue.

"You feel so good, your mouth is just..." He sighs, pushes Billy's shorts out of the way so he can take Billy's cock in his hand. Billy's moan tastes delicious when Steve kisses him, but the angle is awkward. "Wait a sec, let me—" He pushes Billy towards the door, moves behind him, licks his palm, and, fuck yeah, like this, directly behind Billy, his chin tucked over Billy's shoulder, his own soft, spit-wet cock bumping Billy's bare ass, his arms around him, Steve can really go to town. Jack Billy off with quick, hard snaps of his wrist, just like he would himself. When he runs his thumb over the head of Billy's cock, Billy groans, slams a fist against the door. Steve grins into the soft skin of his neck.

"I wanna give you a hickey so badly now," he whispers, voice soft in contrast to the firm grip, "So everyone in that locker room knows you're mine."

—

Billy moans and bucks into Steve's hand with a shiver.

"Do it," he rasps. "Make me your bitch, King Steve, mmfuck, make me yours."

--

It was just meant as a tease, but shit, now Steve wants it, so much. All it takes is Billy tilting his head just to give him better access, and Steve knows he shouldn't, knows this is a bad idea, but then Billy whines in the back of his throat, and, fuck. Steve wasn't made to resist temptation when it grinds into his lap. While jerking Billy off harder, faster, he licks a stripe up Billy's neck, tastes salt and sweat and cheap after-shave, and then sucks, hard, until an angry red mark starts to bloom on Billy's skin. "Mine," he mutters, grins. "My own."

The sound that comes from Billy's throat at that is breathy and desperate and *gone*, and he arches back against Steve one last time before he's painting Steve's hand and the girls' bathroom floor with his come.

"Hey!"

Billy's blood chills instantly in his veins, and he freezes, pushing hard into the bathroom door to keep it shut. Steve joins him against the door, confused panic on his face as he tries to pull his shorts up one-handed.

"Somebody in here?"

It's Coach Fillmer. *Fuck*. Neither of them say a word. Quickly and quietly dressing as they pray he won't try to get in.

"Alright, I guess I'll just lock this door then!"

Billy pulls the door open quickly, leaving it closed enough that Steve still has space to fix his hair minimally before he's revealed as well.

"Just us, coach," Billy says. "You always tell us to settle our differences off the court, so... we wanted to settle our shit away from the rest of the team. Y'know, not get allies involved and all that."

--

Coach muscles his way into the room, looks at them with hard, suspicious eyes. Steve feels his stomach drop just a little. Can he tell the room smells of sex? Does he see their flushed faces? Does he

know what they did? It seems almost impossible that he wouldn't.

Then Coach Fillmer says gravely, "Have you boys been smoking in here?" And Steve nearly loses it, with relief and disbelief. What the hell?

"No, Coach," he says, eyes wide and innocent, and a little hurt at the accusation. "We wouldn't do *that*, not with the game against Gershville next week..."

"Cut the crap, Harrington," Coach grinds out grimly. "If I ever catch any of you smoking pot in the locker rooms, you can kiss your spot on the team goodbye, understood?"

They both mumble their yessirs, and Coach seems momentarily mollified by their cowed looks and bent heads. "Now hit the showers. Get the hell out of here, move it!"

—

They don't need telling twice, but Billy holds Steve back as they enter the slowly emptying boys' locker room. Doesn't push him into a bathroom again this time, because what did he *think* was gonna happen when he did that before, they were gonna *talk*? What a laugh. So with as much detachment as he can manage, he holds Steve at arm's length and says loud enough that it doesn't seem Hargrove and Harrington have suddenly gone *chummy*:

"Hey, uh, tell your *mom* I won't be able to come fuck her brains out this weekend, alright, Harrington?" he gives him a wink, one that he hopes Steve will read as *I mean you*, while the rest of the team will read it as adding insult to insult. "I've got shit to do. Can't get away."

--

Unprepared for that level of banter, Steve winces, looks up at Billy, confused, but Billy's face makes him realise that there's more to it. Billy is telling him something. Telling him he can't get away to fuck... Him. Fuck. Disappointment settles in Steve's gut like a stone. He starts to turn away, towards his locker, to get rid of his sweaty gym clothes.

“Whatever, man,” he mutters. He almost had a good return for that kind of slur, but it dies on the way from his brain to his lips. The realization that he’s got yet another weekend without Billy ahead of him weighing him down.

Author's Note:

In case anyone is interested, there are mood-board things for each of the fics in this series up on Theo’s tumblr [here](#), great for reblogging and sharing with your friends ;)